WANT.

Sufferings of the Poor Who Do Not Beg.

SCENES OF STARVATION.

A Day with the City's Pauperized Thousands.

TENEMENT HOUSE WRETCHEDNESS.

Famine Faces and Shivering Forms Among the Working Women.

M Physician's Experiences-Sickness and Destitution-Communications and Suggestions from Sympathetic Citizens.

Additional revelations of the unprecedented tress that has fallen upon so many thousands of the people of this city are given below by HERALD reporters. The phase of suffering poverty depicted is of that character that never namely, the indigence that struggles almost unto eath with the preservation of self-respect. Ficertain facts have been the guiding principles in the presentation of this sad story, and, startling as the narrative must appear, it is still true that the half of the misery and sorrow endured in this city

TENEMENT HOUSE POVERTY.

These two wards, which comprise all that terri-tory lying west of Broadway, and running north

and south from Thomas to West Houston streets, are more densely populated than night be expected from the number of business aces within these boundaries. A reporter called at the rectory of St. John's church, on Varick street, and there saw the Rev. Alvah Wiswall, who ade a statement in regard to the poor of the district, who have been taken care of by the charitable association known as St. John's Guild, of which the Rev. Mr. Wiswall is the President, That gentleman said :- "The St. John's Guild covers he entire area of the Fifth and Eighth wards, and I suppose there are about 8,000 families in the district. Of this number I believe about 1,000 families are in needy circumstances, and 600 of these pave been visited and helped by the Guild, who done a great deal of good. These 1,000 familles have about 3,500 children, and 2,200 of these lidren were clothed and fed by the Guild of St. . We clothed 50 children last Sunday, but we are out of funds, and have not any visiting in thirty days. I beve, however, that we will get more mey, and get it soon, and, in fact, it is the only plan to relieve the poor because it is stematic and organized, as we have in the two me visits one block-I mean by a block a square whether it be a man or a woman, will make it for her positive and particular business to make elves acquainted with every case of distress want in his or her block. As they live on the ck it will be impossible for an impostor to humbug or deceive. We have no lodgings to furnish any one, but we furnish food, fuel, clothing and ines to those who are sick." Here the reverend gentleman exhibited a ticket as fol

ST. JOHN'S GUILD RELIEF TICKET. Omce of the GUILD, St. John's Chapel, Varick the bearer will receive any ONE of the followthe bearer will receive any ONE of the following packages:—

4 the CORN MEAL. 1 th. SUGAR.
3 lbs. HOMINY. ½ th. COFFEE.
2½ lbs. OATMEAL. ½ th. TEA.
1½ ths. RICE. 2 LOAVES BREAD.
Office open daily (Sundays excepted), from
ten A. M. to three P. M.
No Ticket good unless signed by
ALVAH WISWALL, Master.

"We sell those tickets in packages of \$10 worth those who may wish to dispose of them charitably. Most of the people are decidedly opposed to . Our worst districts are in Leonard Worth and part of Greenwich streets. That part of Greenrich street called 'Rotten row,' a line of tenement houses between Spring and Canal streets is terrible. Some of people who come here are quies, went of whom possess refinement despite their poverty and who have once owned wealth and held a good We find now that there are more lerks to be relieved than mechanics, and one of E. G. Jaffray's clerks, who had been receiving \$2,500 a year, and a perfect gentleman, had to come here after he lost his situation to get relief. His wife came in but he stayed outside and would not enter the door. It was a pitiful spectacle and one to make a strong man weep. Now, only think of it, if we had \$5,000 we could send relief to 1,000 needy families in the Fifth and Eighth wards inside of forty-eight hours. And the \$5,000 would keep their families pretty well relieved for a couple of months, until the winter Well, I believe that on the night of the great charity ball at the Academy of Music any ladies were dresses and diamonds valued at re than \$5,000 each."

Just as the clergyman had finished a decent king man, with sparse red whiskers and of low size, came through the churchyard and knocked simidly at the door, which was opened to him. He was invited to a seat and he sat down and looked ound him with a fixed look at the people in the

"This is a respectable man, and we have no more worthy or deserving case in the district. He will Kell you his story, and you can trust what he says,"

The poor man heaved a sigh and began as fol-

"My name is Michael Malone. I live at No. 90 Prince street, room No. 5, in the Eighth ward. I have a wife and three children and we pay \$8 a month for the room. We have half of this month's frent paid, and that is our principal trouble—to get the rent. We have food enough to do us to-day," with a heavy sigh, "but I don't know how we will get along to-morrow. I worked in a shirt house, but I have been out of employment three months. I once had a shirt store myself and hired twenty girls, but I got burned down. We had to sell our bedstead and pawn some of our clothes to pay last month's rent. My write was compelled to pawn her gold wedding ring to get something to eat."

Here the poor fellow looked down at his feet, which were but scantily covered with a pair of mearly worn out shoes, and said:—

"Mr. Wiswall, have you any shoes to give away?"
and see what is to be done. Come to-morrow and bring a basket and I will give you some tea, sugar, outmeal and potatoes.

"Thank you, sir." said Mike Malone; and a left." have a wife and three children and we pay \$8 a

batmeal and potatoes.

"Thank you, sir," said Mike Malone; and he left the room seeming to leel a little better for the mere fact that he had been able to confide his

mere fact that he had been able to confide his stronbles to some one.

"Now," said Rev. Mr. Wiswail, "I see that there are some more visitors coming," as he looked through the vestry window.

There was another faint knock at the door, and a woman about forty-five years of age entered, leading a timid-looking young girl of fifteen. They were mother and daughter, and it needed no proof to tell that. The girl was tall for her age, and seemed to have suffered from the effects of hunger and want. Her red stuff dress was very much worn, and her shoes were the snoes of a man and not of a girl of fifteen. Her lips were pinched and her cheeks were wan, and her right hand clasped her, left wrist tightly, while her eyes, very blue and very sad, stared at the persons before her as might the eyes of a person about to sective judgment. The girl was deheate, and had nowhalf enough clothing on her back to keep her warm. The mother had a more sturdy look, and had the mingled look of pain, hurt pride and de-

spair which misfortune gives when it pierces the heart of a young girl. Ah, how terrible it is to see such a hopeless look in a young face. "You have been here before," remarked the cler-gyman to the older woman, who answered, rea-

gyman to the older woman, who answered, readily:—

"Yes, sir, I have; but not my daughter. We are living or lodging with an old Irish lady, at No. 46 Mulberry street, near Bayard, in the basement. We pay forty cents a night between us for the todgings. My girl was out to service, and I took her away because her mistress was cruel to her and beat her with a poker."

"Well, I will see that your daughter shall get a place where she will not be beaten with a poker," said the clergyman. "Have you on hand anything to eat to-day?"

"Yes, sir. We owe the old lady with whom we lodge for six nights lodging, and we would have been put out last night but she hadn't the heart to do it because it was Sunday night, and she let us stay, so I thought we would come down to see it we could get anything to eat. Myself and my daughter wouldn't have had anything to eat this last week if it had not been for the old woman, who has been very kind to us, and who trusted us for our lodging. My daughter—her name is Alice O'Neill—had a bowl of tea given to her to-day by the old hady."

"Yes, mother, and some bread and butter too," added the girl, with a quiet gravity that was simplicity itseli.
"Yes," repeated the mother. "I forgot the bread."

added the girl, with a quiet gravity that was simplicity itself.

"Yes," repeated the mother. "I forgot the bread and butter. I got a bowl of tea, too, and it made me feel warm."

"Well, here is some bread and oatmeal and tea and sugar, and some rice to take to your lodgings, and I suppose your friend will let you cook and prepare them for your use?"

"Oh, yes, sir; thank yon," said the girl, with swimming eyes and a dignified bow, and both departed and closed the door after them.

"There is nothing bad in that girl's face," remarked the clergyman, as the door was closed behind the mother and daughter—both waifs whom the waves of the great ocean of city life have thrown to the surface for a day, perhaps, to finally engulf tham.

The Fourth Ward.

The Fourth Ward.

The Fourth Ward.

With Officer Patrick O'Sullivan, of the Fourth Precinct, a Herald reporter made a tour through the tenements of the Fourth ward. The gentiemen who make a business of charity, when called upon, all declared that the poor of their special district were in moderately comfortable circumstances, but the investigations of the Herald man proved the statements to be false in the extreme. Deserted and standard for the extreme of the statements to be false in the extreme. Deserted and standard for the first floor, there is to be witnessed a scene of poverty and privation seldom equalled in romance. The room in question is occupied by Mrs. Hannah Hafforan, with her aged mother and three little children, the latter nearly skeletons from want of lood. Previous to November last Mrs. Halloran had her husband to provide for her and the children; but in the middle of the month mentioned Mr. Halloran, who was a fruit dealer, with a good business, leit his home for St. Louis, and has not since been seen or heard from. The old grand-dother, whom the reporter saw, stated that several days last week the children had to go to bed without lood and wake up in the morning not knowing where to get a crust to eat. The family have no beds, bedding, clothing or Inet, and nightly shiver themselves to sieep. Of the three children the oldest is seven and the youngest three years.

three years.

THE BREAD WINNER GONE.

The case of Mrs. McNamara, of No. 61 James street, is also a depiorable one. This woman, whose husband has been out of employment for five months, nas just burned a child fliteen years of age, on whom she and the rest of the family relied to a great extent for support. Mrs. McNamara has two other children, the youngest yet unable to walk.

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THE COMPANIONSHIP OF MISKEY.

In an attle room, 12 by 12, at No. 28 Oak street, live a double family of eight persons. Mrs. and Mr. Lawler, the latter an intelligent and respectable mechanic, live in the room, with their three children; and, although they have had to send their little ones to bed many a night without a morsel of food, they have wealth enough to share their shelter with another poor woman named Samson, and her two children. Mr. Lawlor was working for H. R. Samuels, in Brooklyn, until two months ago, when that gentleman became a bankrupt, which event leit Mr. Lawlor without work. He can get nothing to do, and his prospect for starving is very good and almost certain. His longer, Mrs. Samson, has a cancer in the breast; she can neither work nor obtain proper treatment for herself; and her two children go to school, and when they come home they, in company with the other little ones, set out to beg a bit to eat for the mselves and their parents. Some days the little ones return home with empty baskets, and then the household go to bed without any supper. There are no bedelothes in the house and the children are almost naked.

SICK AND ALONE.

In the same attic with the Lawlors and Samsons, is Mrs. Mary Hurly, who has been a widow for thirteen years. She has one child, fourteen years of age, who can get nothing to do. She has the rheumatism so bad that she cannot without great pain move hand or loot. Her room has no ceiling, no bed, no ciothes, no victuals. The snow and rain come in through the root, and the keen night blasts make the room a very refrigerator.

WITH HER CHILDREN AMONG PROSTITUTES.
The case of Mrs. Margaret Nolan, which is considered under this caption, is one which calls for the attention of affluent and well-to-do mothers. This Mrs. Nolan, who is a widow and nas three children varying from five to ten, has been driven by dire necessity to take up lodgings in Water Street. This pia

leaving her mother (Mrs. Murphy), a husband three children, the youngest one month old. On the 7th of January Mr. James left the house, with the 7th of January Mr. James left the house, with all the furniture he could carry, leaving his children a charge to his ared mother-in-law, who has an imbeche son to take care of. Besides this legacy he left her a bill of \$110 to pay for the funeral expenses of Mrs. James. Mrs. Murphy's son was drugged during the war and sent off. When he came to consciousness he was an imbeche, and has not since recovered his reason or been able to work. This family live on the third floor back of No. 317 Water street.

Anothers Good Grandmother.
On the third floor front of the finth house in "double albey." Cherry street, lives Mrs. Monayhan, a widow, who has lour children. The children and their grandmother are in great distress.

The Sixth Ward.

The Sixth ward was visited by a Herald

a widow, who has four children. The children and their grandmother are in great distress.

The Sixth Ward.

The Sixth Ward.

The Sixth Ward was visited by a Herald reporter yesterday, under the guidance of Officer Cadell, whom Captain Kennedy kindly detailed. This officer guided the reporter through the labyrinthian ways of "Bonovan's lane," "Chinese Poke" and other equally unsavory localities. "The horse starves while the grass grows." In "Donovan's lane," at the rear of No. 14 Baxter street, resides John O'Rorke, his wife and nine children. O'Rorke is a snoemaker by trade, but gets very little work to do, hardly enough to pay for the rent. While he makes landy shoes his little children are without clothes and shoes and sometimes bread. The rain comes in upon him and he has no fire.

"SUNSHINE."

In the same house in "Donovan's lane" is a man named Joseph Wumderer, who can get no work, and whose wife and children are actually starving. In place of beds, bedclothes and furniture he has a handini of pawn tickets. His little stove, on the apron of which the word "sunshine" stands in boid relief, has had no fire in it for several days—not since the snow storm came.

Opposite the house just spoken of in the "hane" there stands another rickety rookery, in which lives Mrs. Abobt, a widow woman with five children. She says she got no coal from the society this winter, as she had in former and leas severe seasons. She is an industrious woman, and says she would rather get work than pecuniary aid; for with that she could maintain her independence, of which she is very jealous.

Mrs. Helen Dempsey, of No. 36 Mulberry street, has been a widow for fitteen years. She has two sons who are willing and capable of working, but can get nothing to do. Her story is told in the following:—No bed, no clothing, no food, no fuel, no flour, no money, no friends.

Chilphed And Herstory is told in the following:—No bed, no clothing, no food, no fuel, no flour, no money, no triends.

Chilphed Andrew is a dark room, whose timits cannot be

The Seventh Ward Barracks.

The Seventh Ward Barracks.

With the exception of "Sweeney's alley" there is probably no more ill-reputed tenement house in this city than the "Seventh ward barracks." In both of these immense caravansaries respectable mechanics and laborers, suffering utter destitution, commingle with the criminal classes who likewise frequent these establishments.

Last evening 8 HERALD reporter, in company with Detective Shaivey, paid a visit to the "barracks" in question, which consist of two buildings situated at Water street, between Catharine and Market streets, and extending back to Cherry street, This portion of New York has often and truly been styled the St. Glies of Gotham, so ripe is poverty and crime in its minst. The aspects of the houses in question are gloomy and prison like in the extreme. The narrow doorway of the building in Water street leading to a narrow passageway, through which the reporter and his companion entered, was blockaded by a gang of young rowdies, who, as the visitors entered the place, were heard to state below their breath, "That's a cop," as they recognized the detective. After walking about thirty leet through Cimmerian darkness the yard is reached, and looking up to the sombre buildings familights were seen at many windows.

THE THIEVES! ESCAPE.

From the roof of one house in question to the roof

of the other is an iron bridge connecting them, and intended for an escape in case of fire. The distance is about thirty feet, and across this avenue hundreds of thieves have in their time cluded the pursuit of the oblice. The barracks are about eighteen years old, and look at least forty. Misery, squalor and fith reign here supreme.

ABOUT THERE HUNDRED PROFILE LIVE HERE.
The building is six stories high, and four families are located on each floor. The average number in a family is about eight.
Visits were paid to numerous rooms, and poverty was evidenced in nearly every one of them. Men out of work: women, discouraged and weak for want of subsistence, were evidenced in almost every place visited. Some were plunged in despair, others cauge to the hope that matters would change for the better when spring came. The last visit paid was down to a basement room in the Water street house, occupied by seven people. The fire was nearly out, and but fittle furniture was seen; all looked poverty-stricken. On a narrow mantel sat an emachated yellow caf, apparently trying to get warmth on the principle that heat ascends. On the table were seen the remains of a scanty repast.

ently trying to get warmth on the principle that heat ascends. On the table wore seen the remains of a scanty repast.

After hesitating for some minutes Mrs. Welsh, in the absence of her husband, consented to make the following statement:—

Yes, sir, Pm Mrs. Welsh since 1847, and I have five children, and that woman you see lying on the bed is my sister, but she's sick. I am going to-morrow to see Mr. Kellogg, the Commissioner for the poor people, on Third avenue. I have not always been poor like this sir; no, thank God. I used to work in the Court House at scrubbing, and many's the time I have walked to the City Hail through the snow to do my work, and left my little children at home; and, bad luck, I put my money in the Bowling Green Savings, of which Hank Smith was President, and Walter Rocae worked with him. Weil, I put all my hard carned money in the savings bank, and the officers stole It all away, and we, poor critters, must starve now. I went to Walter Roche just a little while ago and said, "Now, Walter, Put his great trouble and my old man's sick, and you know how hard I worked for my money, and won't you give me \$100 and I'll give you up my bank book, and I'll never say anything more about the other \$200." Well, Walter talked kindly to me, and said that Hank Smith had been the head of the bank, and that he could do nothing for me.

CURSING SMITH ON HER KNEES.

I went down on my knees to-night before this little table, and prayed that God might curse him for bringing so much poverty on poor folks. I hope I may be lorgiven for cursing Smith, but I could not help it. When you have no coal in your house, and have got an empty belly, one doesn't feel of a very Christian disposition, I can tell you.

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON KELLOCK.

I am airaid it's no good my going to see Mr. Kellock, for everybody is out of work and wants assistance. I heard to-day from a poor friend of mine, who has a sick husband and five children, that she applied to Mr. Kellock and had not got any relief for six weeks, so there is not

THE FOWER OF MOLL KELLY.

"I tell you what it is, old lady, (I am over fitty five years old, added the poor woman) as long as I can get one meal a day and smoke my pipe, by the powers of Moll Kelly, I won't ask any help. Let those get it who are worse of than we are.' My husband is kindol proud, though he is poor, and it goes against his grain to ask for help. I have been thinking of applying for assistance to St. James Catholic church, for the priests are very good men there and will do all they can for a poer lamily. It's very hard to be without coal, isn't it? Can you tell me, sir, if it's true that the solders of the Seventh regiment are giving away money to poor people? But it is very hard to act like a beggar. Tweed knows me, but that's nothing nowadays.

KRPORTER—Have you had sufficient to eat lately Mrs. Welsh—Some times I do, but more times I don't. What I'm most sorry for is the little ones—It falls hard on them. If they could work they would to get some money for any body anyhow. There are people living up stairs I'm told are poorer than we are, if that's possible, and are starving. It's a cruel tell you what it is.

falls hard on them. If they could work they would to get some money for us; but they're too little and there's no work for anybody anyhow. There are people living up stairs I'm told are poorer than we are, if that's possible, and are starving. It's acruel winter, sir, and the worst I've ever seen since I let i Ireland—many a long day. Perhaps we shall pull through it, perhaps not. I keep to myself and never leave my basement here. There are people up stairs who live in style, and seem to forget all about people starving a lew leet off from them. I don't say for mysell, however.

Thanking the poor woman for the information given, the reporter took his leave

THE WIDE HALL, OR THE MONROE DARRACKS.

This is a large double lenement house in the Thirteenth police precinct, situated at No. 242 Morroe street. It is filled with poor people, and is used also as a kind of Alsatia for therees' revels, as from it it is possible to escaye by many exits, should the police get on their track. A great deal of poverty exists in it. In conversation with an old resident there last night, he said, "it's a shame to lock up Bill Tweed, by gorry. If he was in the Seventh ward the poor people wouldn't be stharvin, as they are to-day; bad cess to Judge Davis." About forty families live here. The place is in a very fifthy condition, and the sanitary officers are but rarely seen there. OTHER NOTORIOUS ROOKERIES.

In close proximity to the Seventh ward barracks is "Bergh's Barracks," which is an immense tenement building located in Seammell, Water and Cherry streets. It consists of four houses—two facing on Scammell street, one on Water street and one on Cherry street. The place was constructed about a dozen years ago, and its annual rental is estimated at \$6 000. About sixty families live in this rookery, the majority of whom are very poor. A great deal of improvement is possible in the way of ventilation and cleanliness. The property is owned by Mr. Bergh, the great philanthropist, who enjoys in this place the reputation of "letting up"

Directly a police officer makes his appearance with the intention of making an arrest, an intimation is given by some of the lodgers, and vases of foul water are often poured on his head. The regular cry is, "Cheese it, the cop." About forty families live in this rabbit warren. Some poor respectable people live here, but city missionaries are arraid to enter it. A good deal of kindness among the wretched inmates is said to exist. The building is a very old construction, and is kept in a flithy condition. It is six stories high

kindness among the wretched inmates is said to exist. The building is a very old construction, and is kept in a flithy condition. It is six stories high of the property of the stories high st

to floor the store was piled with good things. The reporter knows whereof he writes, for he lasted the sausage. For ten cents ham and bread enough to sattate a giant are provided. As a brave Bohemian with an immense hat remarked, "This is better than the doctor shop." The profits on each sale must be infinitesimal, but the number of saies is immense. Captain Waish stepped over in citizens' ciothes and pioneered the path to the basement, where several oxen were being dismembered and converted introduced the path to the basement, where several oxen were being dismembered and converted introduced the path to the basement, where several oxen were being dismembered and converted introduced to the path to the basement, where several oxen were being dismembered and converted introduced in the property of the converted to intend the division of labor, the curious machines, the vast mixing troughs, spacious icehouse and other remarkable leatures can here be but briefly gianced at. The conomy of the concern would really merit an extended notice for itself. The Captain said Lindner had begun in a very small way, but his place was now famous and was resorted to from all over the ward and, indeed, other parts of the city. It would be well if dozen of others like it could be established. It does more to fight the distillery than even the praying women of Onto. August Hulmbatchek, a representative Bohemian, was then visited. He keeps a modest lager beer saloon in Fifth street, between avenues A and B. Behind it is a large hall, where eight fourishing Bohemian societies meet, besides a Turner club and two schools for teaching the Czech language by the way, this startling word is pronounced chesh, and a children's class for the same perpetuation of their national tongue. The teamits up staits were most confortably lodged. The rooms were few, but neatly and even elegantly furnished. There was evidently value for every cent spent by the tenants, and the taste in pictures, fine embroidery, &c., was very noticeable. About seven-eig

Detective Galakgher now, like an amiable Afrite, took up the thread of the story, and conducted the Heraal preporter to a sort of moral Russian bath. No. 333 East Elevents street is Cogan's alley. A foul, (actid, noisome passage, dark, shim) and the state of the story, and conducted the Heraal preporter to a sort of moral Russian bath. No. 335 East Elevents street is Cogan's alley. A foul, (actid, noisome passage, dark, shim) and the state of the state of

The Eighteenth Ward.

This place is a double tenement house, occupied by 200 families, at Nos. 34 and 30 Cherry after. The houses in the section and 30 Cherry after. The houses in the section are estimated and the section of the section o

minimum of personal research. Time would be saved, and each agent could then direct his staff of visitors and cover the entire ground every day. The captains of police have no time to do this themselves, nor have they men enough to act as agents for the distribution of relief were it put in their power; but they will all gladly co-operate with properly authorized officials appointed by some general society, on some really comprehensive plan. This, said the Captain, would be the solution of the whole difficulty. There is money enough, were it divided judiciously.

"In Poverty Hollow."

It was an easy matter to reach the Thirteenth preduct station, corner of Attorney and Delancey streets; but then, after a notification that the lodging hope of the was head been turned into a of actual want and desitution in the more poverty stricken territory of the precinct, which is bounded by Broome and Rivington streets on the one side and Columbia and Pitt streets on the other. Said Sergeant Brockiand, "if don't know as our ward is worse off than others, as we have with us in certain sections, such as Ridge street, between Delancey and Rivington at a pocketbook to pleading destitution; yet there must be suffering with us, as rumors of 'hard times' have reached us more than once in the course of the past month."

At this juncture the Herald reporter was introduced to special officer Parish, and stating the object of his mission, he said "Come with me, and Il is now you one or two cases of want in 'Poverty Lipan alley way on Sheriff street, bearing the number of 50, the writer was first directed, and when back of the buildings he mounted three pairs of stairs, rickety and dilapidated, and plodding through a long entry way, knocked at the door. "Come in," said a feeble voice, and the writer, with his companion, opened the door. The room was without carpet; in one corner stood a table with an unwashed cup and saucer and the centre of the apartment, but it was without fire. All about the apartment, but it was without fire. All about the apartment, but it was without fire. All about the apartment was neatness, but want and destitution held here sway, and there was no gainsaying the fact, "Come in," again said the mild voice, and officer and reporter looked into a dark adjoining room, and there suck, full of want and pain, lay Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds, a widow of seven years, who, until a year ago, worked out here own against the general partment was neatness, but want and destitution held here sway, and there was no gainsaying the fact, "Come in," specific the late of the provide state of the provide state of th

"Med by the doctor some "Well, we hadn't paid the doctor yet, but hope to."

"It think that I am dying," said she, "and don't say anything about me; but can't my chidren be taken care or " And thus Mrs. O'Brien, dying with consumption, and her six children have lived for months on less than \$4 a week.

The HeralD guide took him to other places in the precinct, for instance, in Delancey, between Ridge and Pitt streets, in the rear, but here was vice showing its ugly head with poverty. "They sleep on straw here and no beds," said he, "and when they are thrown out on the the street by trate landlords there is not much to handle." And sure enough there was only an oid bedstead, an old trunk and an oid box, with one saucepan and the dipper, which constituted the effects of a recently dispossessed household. "Sometimes they don't have that muca," said the HeralD guide, and the latter turned away from that section of the Thirteenth precinct, where there is poverty and vice combined.

that section of the Thirteenth precinct, where there is poverty and vice combined.

A salimaker, proud and with an interesting family, applied to Officer Parish a few days since for temporary relief. "He has not been able to obtain employment since last Thanksgiving," said the officer, "but he won't beg; he wants work. Will the charitable people of New York give it to him and save his children?" Will they?

DISTRESS AMONG WORKING WOMEN.

Sad as were the cases of poverty and destitution described in these columns yesterday, the half has not been told. Harrowing details of distress were poured into the ears of the HERALD representative yesterday, which no pen could adequately describe. And the unspoken volumes of distress which in some instances he witnessed were more full of sorrow and sadness than those that were told. One has only to spend a few hours in the omee of the Working Women's Protective Union (No. 38 Bleecker street) any day to witness scenes and to hear tales of woe and distress that would make the stoutest heart quall and awaken the sympathies of the most unsympathetic for those who. through no immediate fault of their own, are now suffering the pangs of hunger: and the more poignant arrows of the remembrance of a former and better condition of life speak more loudly through their features than the words of their mouths. Genteel, well educated young women. go there daily looking for employment. They eagerly clutch at even the remotest prospect of earning a few dollars or finding a home for selves, regardless of pecuniary compensation. their best side outward, but when pressed they oftentimes, though very reluctantly, tell tales of want and poverty that seem hardly credible in view of their respectable deportment and attire. But one of the last things a woman will give up is her outward respectability. When that is gone almost all is gone. These young women, too, manifest a degree of

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL PRIDE or self-respect hardly compatible with their real circumstances, and sometimes absolutely refuse the proffered aid of money or food, lest their dignity should be compromised and their reappearance in search of employment be misinterpreted and militate against them.

For instance, last Saturday Catharine Ban intelligent, courteous young woman, applied at the office of the Union, as she had done before. Her deep destitution was not known, but hunger and want were plainly visible in her appearance. She was privately invited by one of the ladies of she was privately invited by one of the ladies of the institution to accept something to eat, which she absolutely refused, though acknowledging that that was the third day since she had tasted food. Money was pressed upon her then; but this was refused also, she giving as a reason that if she must accept charity at all she would receive it from the city or state. Every explanation that could be made and every persuasion that could be used were brought to bear upon her, but they were of no avail. All the aid that she would accept from the institution was a letter to obtain for her a return passage to ner home in Ireland. Her history was briefly this:—She lived comfortably with her brother in Ireland; but on some trifling disagreement between them she gathered up the portion of goods that fell to her and came to America. Her home life had not fitted her for her aftered condition here, and though she had a THEORETICAL KNOWLEDGS OF HOUSEWORK and certain branches of lancy work, beside some parior accomplishments, she was not perfect or practical in any of these things, and when she obtained employment her incapacity was very soon detected and she was discharged. In this way what she earned one week was spent the next the institution to accept something to eat, which

when she had no work. Thus she lived off and an ciry. But love months, since she cause to this ciry. But love months, since she cause to this ciry. But love months, since she cause to the ciry with the love of the casual week's work which had previously she had the casual week's work which had previously she had congent of the form of the casual week's work which had previously she had been she was there and rough the streets of this grant she was active and rough to died enhers that was a rich black color. On Saturday morning, when she was there, her face was had become gray. She was no longer the black color. On Saturday morning, when she was there, her face was had and adeleate matron of fifty. And this more itse a deleate matron of fifty. And this more itse a deleate matron of fifty. And this more itse a deleate matron of fifty. And this more itse a deleate matron of fifty. And this more itse a strength of the color of the property of the color of the property of the color of the property of the color of the colo

though still needing suitable hourisament, would take a situation in the city or surrounding country.

A CASE OF UNMITIGATED CRUELTY AND DISTRESS.
But the saddest case that came under the reporter's notice yesterday was that of a Hungarian woman, whose name, from her unintelligible English, he could not make out. She resides, however, at No. 376 Second avenue. Her glaring eyes and pallit checks betokened extreme poverty, which has produced a lorm of insanity. Her story, as near as could be gathered, is a sad one. Possessed of some means she invested in real estate. Being unfamilior with our language and our laws she committed the care and conduct of her property to a lawyer, whose name, from her broken and incoherent remarks, could not be obtained. She took out naturalization papers in order legally to hold her property. But by a process of legal chicanery, covetousness and perjury this legal member of New York society has cheated the poor woman out of the product of her hard earnings. What little money she had saved or could earn beside was spent in trying to get back again that which had been stolen from ner. And now, as she said yesterday to the reporter, she is in actual want, striving been stolen from her. And now, as she said yester-day to the reporter, she is in actual want, striving to obtain that which belongs to her. "How do you live?" the reporter asked. The answer was that a kind neighbor, a baker, gave her some ends of lowes and broken pieces, and upon these she has lived for several weeks. REFORTER—But don't you even get a cup of tea or coffee?

kind neighbor, a baker, gave her some ends of loaves and broken pleces, and upon these she has lived for several weeks.

REFORTER—But don't you even get a cup of tea or confee; but I don't know what I shall cast or drink the next day.

LIVING R.LEVEN WEEKS WITHOUT FIRE.

REFORTER—'YOU look very sick and have a cough—have you a fire in your room at home?' This question seemed preposterous. She has not had a fire in her room, she said, for eleven weeks. Then holding out her right loot the answer to that this poor woman, now in the decline of life, should look sickly and consumptive, when her shoes are but the merest pretence for such coverings for the feet—when through rives and snow and slun and slop, she has had to walk about the streets of New York daily looking for oread or work, and with the constant knowledge that she has been shameless for my leet, but no one will lend or give to me. And' pointing her finger toward her lungs, she added, "the cold of the streets and of the snow comes up here and I feel sick and faint." In answer to a further individually was present and heard her recital, and a gentleman, slaso present, gave the poor old creature a little money to relieve her present necessities. Her joy seemed to be almost boundless. She looked again and again at her beneractors and thanked them in her broken English for their kindness.

Den the destitution is not confined to this city. It reaches across the river, as the following indentity are constituted in south Fourth street, Williamsburg, where his wife and two children were starving and in daily dreach of the first part of shoes. The locked again and again at her benefactors and thanked them in her broken English for their kindness.

Den the destitution is not confined to this city. It reaches across the river, as the following indentity and the little give here of the door stood a politic, genteelly dressed young man. He lived, he said, in South Fourth street, Williamsburg, where his wife and two children were starving and indentity and the little

A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

No one has probably a better opportunity to witness the worst phases of destitution and suffering than the doctor who is called to the bedside of the